A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

1 Tom Tack's Ghost. [a Story.
2 Drawing the long Bow; or, how to tell
3 William and Jonathan.
4 Young Lobski.
5 Poor Putty.
6 Irish Lenacy.

TOM TACK's GHOST.

I Courted Polly of Spithead,
And ax'd her to be married;
At first she was most cruel kind,
But she prov'd false as you shall find.
With a chip chow, fol lol, tol de rol, de da.

I had of dollars such a show,
And rigg'd her out from top to toe;
My purse grew thin, my hope grew queer,
Then she grew cold, as you shall hear.
With, &c.

Tom Tack he com'd from Boney Ayre,
At first says I for him who cares;
But then, this coming wrought my woe;
He ruin'd Poll, as you shall know.
With, &c.

So challenge that 'ere Tom I did,
We met,—shook hands, and took a quid;
I shot poor Tom—the worse for me;
It brought his ghost, as you shall see,
With, &c.

Says he, I'm Tom Tack's ghost that's flat,
Says I, you only think of that;
My face began to, my blood ran cold;
The ghost look'd grim, as you'll be told.
With, &c.

The ghoſt it ſaid, I am not here
But in my grave, ſays I, that's queer,
Says he, I'm come to torment you now,
Which was hard lines, aye, you'll allow.
With, &c.

Says I, friend ghoſt, belay your jaw;
For if on me you claps a claw,
My locker yonder vill reveal,
A tight rope's end, as you ſhall feel.
With, &c.

Then off his vinding ſheet he throw'd,
And by his trowſers, Tom I know'd;
He vaſn't dead, but come to meſs,
So there's an end as you may gueſs.
With, &c.

Drawing the long Bow; or, how to tell a Story.

OVER port, pipe, or ſnuff box, there's always ſome wight
To tell a long ſtory at club every night:
Wanting wit at a pinch, the box helps a bad joke;
Or, deficient in fire, he ſupplies ye with ſmoke.
Derry down, down, derry down

Since we're told to believe only half what we hear,
Ev'ry tale we attempt ſhould from fiction be clear,
Probability carefully keeping in view;
For example, I'll tell a ſhort ſtory or two.
Derry down, &c.

Once a man adverti'd the metropolis round,
He'd leap off the Monument on to the ground;
But when half way down, felt ſome nervous attack,
Grew frighten'd, reflected, turn'd round, and jump'd back.
Derry down, &c.

A boatswain, who ne'er had seen Punch or his wife,
To a puppet show went the first time in his life;
Laugh'd and wonder'd at ev'ry odd trick and grimace,
When a barrel of gunpowder blew up the place.
Derry down, &c.

Spectators and puppets were here and there thrown;
When Jack on a tree, who had safely been blown,
Took a quid, blew his whistle, and not at all vext,
Cried, "Shiver me, what will this fellow do next?"
Derry down, &c.

A bluff grenadier, under great Marshal Saxe,
Had his head cut clean off by a Lochaber axe;
But his comrade replac'd it so nice ere he fell,
That a handkerchief tied round his neck made all well.
Derry down, &c.

Now his mem'ry was short, and his neck very long,
Which he'd bow, thus and thus, when he heard a good song;
And one night beating time to the tale I tell you,
He gave such a nod that away his head flew.
Derry down, &c.

I cou'd tell other stories, but here mean to rest,
Till what you have heard may have time to digest;
Besides, ere my narrative verse I pursue,
I must find some more subjects, and equally true!
Derry down, &c.

WILLIAM AND JONATHAN.

WILLIAM and Jonathan came to town together;
William brought learning, and Jonathan some
leather;
Said William to Jonathan, "What d'ye mean to do?"
Said Jonathan to William, I can sole a shoe,
With my leather, lap stones, hammer, nippers,
pegging awl, and thrifles."

Said Jonathan to William, "Pray, what's your intention?
William talk'd of things far above his comprehension;
He meant to write poetry, pamphlets, songs, and plays,
Epitaphs, epigrams, and puffs, the wind to raise.
With his Latin, Greek, grammar, hymns
prosody, and logic.

It chanc'd that they lodged in the same house together;
Will stuck close to books, and Jonathan to leather;
Johnny in the cellar, as any hog grew fat,
Will in the garret was as thin as a starv'd cat.
With their leather, Latin, hammer, grammar
pegging-awl, and logic.

When they had liv'd in town for years nearly twenty,
Will was very poor, but Jonathan had plenty:
When meeting one day, they compar'd notes together,
And clearly prov'd that learning wasn't half so good as
leather.
Sing leather, lap-stone, hammer, nippers, pegging-awl, and bristles.

YOUNG LOBSKI.

YOUNG Lobski said to his ugly wife,
"I'm off till to-morrow to fish, my life."
Says Mrs Lobski, "I'm sure you an't";
But, you brute, you are going to gallivant,
To gallivant—to gallivant;
You brute! you are going to gallivant.

What Mrs Lobski said was right;
Gay Mr Lobski was out all night;
He ne'er went to fish, 'tis known very well;
But where he went I shall not tell,
I shall not tell, &c.

Next morning Mr Lobski knew
He had caught no fish, so he bought a few;
Thinks he my wife won't smoke my plot.
And she will bite, tho' the fish did not.
Tho' the fish did not, &c.

When Lobski to his spouse drew near,
Says she, "What sport have you had, my dear?"
"The river," says he, "is full of water rats,
"So I've only caught you a dozen sprats."
A dozen sprats, &c.

"A dozen sprats! base man," says she;
"What, catch in a river the fish of the sea!
"You may draw a long line, Mr Lobski I know,
"But 'tis clear you can draw a much longer bow."
A longer bow, &c.

Let all men who are frail in flesh,
Observe salt water is not fresh:
For wives their husbands will condemn,
Who think with sprats to gudgeon them.
To gudgeon them, &c.

POOR PUTTY.

WILL Putty was a glazier bold,
Whose head was of the putty mould,
He went a courting to a scold.
Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

To him she smooth as glass appears,
But took him in all unawares,
For married, soon she *broke all squares.*
Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

[illegible] is brittle we all know,
[illegible] Billy soon he found it so,
[illegible] Patty had a beau!
Ri tiddle lol, poor Patty!

He found it out, and words arose,
She broke his *fine lights* by surprise,
Which meant she gave him two black eyes.
Ri tiddle lol, poor Patty!

This fill'd with pains the glazier's head,
Who then resolv'd to be unwed;
And his dear wife to Smithfield led.
Ri tiddle lol, poor Patty!

For eighteen pence he sold her—list!
A parting kiss the would insist,
And pick'd his pocket while they kiss'd.
Ri tiddle lol, poor Patty!

The eighteen pence paid the pin,
The buyer hopp'd off with a grin;
All thought he'd took the buyer in.
Ri tiddle lol, poor Patty!

But diamond here cut diamond had:
He miss'd his purse, and then poor lad,
He found the eighteen pence was bad!
Ri tiddle lol, poor Patty!

IRISH LEGACY.

MY father he left me a fenny little cot,
Which by one trifling accident I never got;
He dying without his will ever seen;
Happy left in it ever was paid.
Fooshilloo, O, honey! grenache, which!

'Twas a neat little cot, built with wonder-bound turf,
Which kept every thing else but the weather above;
Had a pig-stye for poultry, without any door;
It was two stories high, and both on the ground floor.
Fooralladoo, &c.

A beautiful garden, with weeds over-run;
And an elegant fish pond dried up by the sun:
Thus the house stood convenient enough you may say,
Next door to the whisky shop over the way.
Fooralladoo, &c.

'Twas a freehold estate, heir at law was myself,
So to law went about it, of course was an elf;
Gain'd the cause, but to try it so long time requir'd,
The freehold I hit, 'cause the leads had expir'd.
Fooralladoo, &c.

FINIS.

Angus, Printer.